Montague Terrace (in Blue)

Scott Walker

The little clock's stopped ticking now
We're swallowed in the stomached rue
The only sound to tear the night
Comes from the man upstairsHis bloated belching figure stomps
He may crash through the ceiling soon
The window sees trees cry from cold
And claw the moonBut we know don't we
And we'll dream won't we
Of Montague Terrace in blueThe girl across the hall makes love
Her thoughts lay cold like shattered stone
Her thighs are full of tales to tell
Of all the nights she's knownYour eyes ignite like cold blue fire
The scent of secrets everywhere
A fist filled with illusions
Clutches all our caresBut we know don't we
And we'll dream won't we
Of Montague Terrace in blue oh in blue

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